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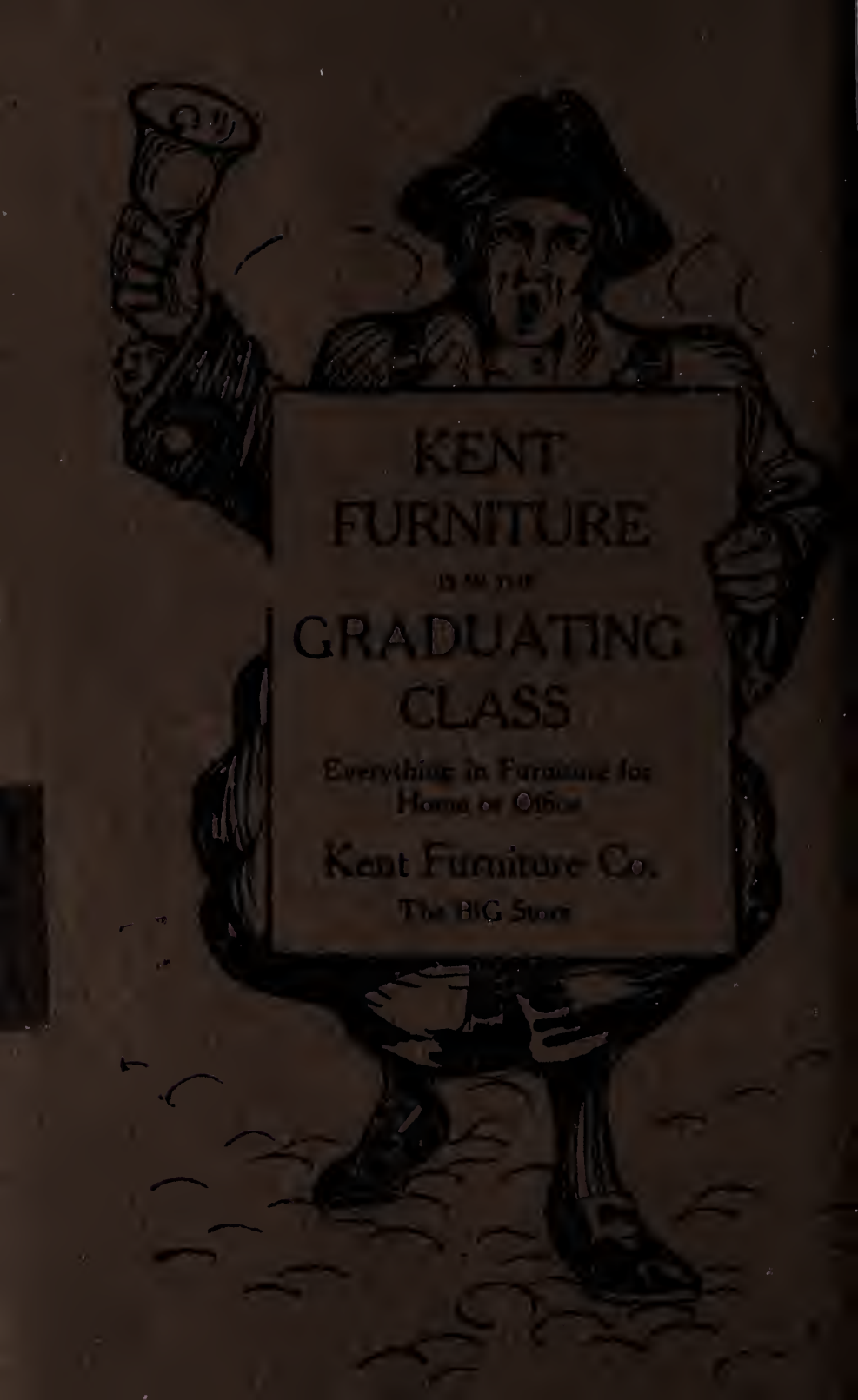
The Missile

JUNE 1916

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia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JUNE CLASS OF 1916

Top row, left to right—W. B. Turner, E. L. Traylor, W. N. Anderson, M. H. Lavenstein, W. C. Kidd, D. R Jones, M. Ezzell.

Middle row—Helen Arrington, Kathleen Perkinson, Lellie Smith, Alice Riddick, Mary Crichton, Florence Robertson, Elva Marks, Sarah Seward.

Bottom row—Jessie Hanks, Mary Gilliam, Annie Lee Arrington, Evelyn Butcher, Hazel Cottrell, Pauline Bowman.

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Non qui multum, sed qui bene

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

VOL. V. JUNE, 1916 NO. 6

Poem of the June Class of 1916

I.

The entrance which we make this eve
Now ends the prologue of our play—
Rehearsed four years this very day;
Hence all applause we may receive
Is due to P. H. S.

Ambition's hand is that which calls
Us onward—in failure or success,
Prosperity, or dark distress,
To strive—and honor those old halls
Endeared to P. H. S.

The halls of learning are but steps
That lead to halls of fame. We start
The upward climb but to depart
Reluctantly. Youth's sun now sets—
Yet gleams at P. H. S.

The footlights of the world are bright,
Its snares and thorns not oft discerned;
To brave such perils we have learned—
To gain success with might and right—
At dear old P. H. S.

Each member leaves with saddened heart
To enter on the stage of life,
And meet with happiness and strife.
And with fond mem'ries now we part—
Forever—P. H. S.

II.

Come, now, Terpsichore,
Oh laurel wreathed muse!
Clio! Ope futurity's blank page
And from thy sceptered thrones
Thalia, and thou, Melpomene
Dispel thy mirth and rage!
Descend! And on this day
Behold the comedy or tragedy
We each and all must play!

MEYER H. LAVENSTEIN, '16.

The Voice Within

ADEMOISELLE de Lannay, entice the German into a place where we can capture him, and your father will be freed immediately."

"But, Monsieur, don't you see that that is impossible for me to do?" pleaded the girl, rising and going to the table at which the Baron de Varion sat. He shrugged, gesticulated, but never looked up, and pushed the electric button at his elbow. The secretary came in almost immediately.

"You have drawn up the document, Montignac?"

For an answer the man handed de Varion a paper with the official seal in one corner. He looked up significantly at the girl beside him and reached for his pen.

"Oh!" she gasped and stumbled to the window, but her agony brought nothing but a smile from the man at the desk as he began to sign the paper.

"Stop," cried the girl, "I yield." She seized the half signed death warrant from the hands of the man.

"Ah! Mademoiselle is reasonable at last. Mademoiselle will not be sorry she did this," grinned the now elated Governor of Castle, rising and bowing to the girl.

"Baron de Varion, I want no thanks from you. I yield only to save the life of my father," exclaimed the girl, her magnificent eyes glittering like live coals.

Baron de Varion bit his lips and bowed. It was hard for him to keep his temper when crossed; and this girl—ah, how she reminded him of her father, the man he hated!

"I suppose I am still to have the time agreed upon," exclaimed the girl.

"Most assuredly," confirmed the Baron.

"Very well, I shall leave at seven," replied the girl, and went out shuddering as she passed the man who had caused her so much misery. No longer was she the care-free girl she had been three weeks before when the great war began, but a woman crushed by the deeds she must needs do.

But that night as she took the train for Hulluck, the place where the German was last seen, there was no trace of hesitation or fear in her. She had given her word. Her father's life was at stake, and she must succeed. But suppose she failed! No, she must not. These were the thoughts that tormented her brain as the train sped along. Suddenly she was aroused from her meditations by the guard opening the door of her compartment.

"Vacate instantly for the army," he commanded.

"But I must go on," she argued.

The man never answered, but began to remove her grips. She followed him and was in a few minutes outside where many others stood, awed to silence by the long line in gray. The girl stood for an instant like one stunned; then she inquired of a porter the way to an inn.

Yes, Mademoiselle would find one very near. Could he take her grips? Certainly. At last they came to a dingy little place, but the girl was too worn to seek for a better one. Once inside she was forced to wait before she could obtain a suite, and was told that no one would be able to get a train that week as they would be used for army transportation only.

"A week? Why it can't be," she cried. "I must leave tomorrow."

"Mademoiselle is not patriotic," a man at her side informed her. She vouchsafed no reply; but only glared at him and moved away.

"Mademoiselle will not lack attention," said the same one coming over to her.

"How dare you," she exclaimed, ready to cry with anger. She looked at him again, then gasped and turned her head, for before her stood Baron de Varion's secretary.

"Shall I take your grip?" he inquired, trying to take it out of her hand.

"Sir, I demand"——— once more he tried. But just then a fist shot forward and Guillaum Montignac landed under a table several feet away. Immediately the inn was in

an uproar. However, at a signal from the man who had protected her, the offending parties were put out by guards who seemed to spring from the floor, so quickly did they come at their leader's bidding. The girl turned to thank her rescuer and fell back a few feet.

"You!" she cried. For she beheld before her Horace von Mettre, a man whom she had met while visiting in Germany a year before.

"Mademoiselle de Lannay," he exclaimed. "I am most fortunate."

Just then one of the guards came in and motioned to von Mettre. The girl turned away, but could not help hearing a part of the conversation between the two men.

"Captain, M. de Varion, the Baron, has at last found some one who will help him capture you—a poor girl whose father's life is the penalty she pays for failure. Perhaps,"—he gazed suspiciously at Mademoiselle de Lannay. The woman staggered and steadied herself by a chair. He the man she must betray into Varion's clutches! Oh, what next? She must be alone or she must scream! Von Mettre came back to her side.

"We will go to your suite. I have something to tell you."

"Well," he said, a little later, "I suppose you heard Franz's speeches."

"I could not help it," she answered.

"It is something which may or may not interest you now, but there was a time when we were good friends." He smiled at her whimsically. "I am absolutely safe from M. de Varion, for he is my father."

"Your father?"

He nodded and went on. "I have never lived with him on account of the way in which he treated my mother. I have always been called Von Mettre and have hated France but loved Germany, for my mother was of that country.

"Then I met you and I began to feel anew the anger against my father who had made me ashamed of the country which I should have loved. But by then I had reached

the position of confidant to General von Lux and captain of my own guards whom you have seen. I have long known a price was on my head, placed there by my father. Still I do not fear him."

The girl stood rigidly silent although a tempest surged within her. "My father," she kept repeating to herself, "My duty, my promise." There came another voice in her, "The man you l——." No, she would not, must not, dare not admit that she loved this man at her side.

"I see you are tired," he said at last. "I will go. Try to get some sleep, for I will procure you a passport tomorrow."

"Thank you," she murmured, giving him her hand, which he raised to his lips . Then he went out, closing the door softly. For an instant the girl stood transfixed, hands clutched, her nails eating into the soft flesh; but she did not feel the pain.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried to herself. "If I recant, father will be killed. If I go on, I shall go mad. His kindness has disarmed me. Why did he not tell me before who he was—who was his father? He was deceiving me. He is the son of M. de Varion. He must die. We have always suffered much at the hands of that house. He must pay." This was the conflict within her, as she paced restlessly up and down the room like a caged lioness. Suddenly she stopped. Guillaum Montignac, the secretary, what could his presence here mean? Only one thing: Baron de Varion was here also at his estate, Clochone. Feverishly she wrote a note and summoning a porter told him to deliver it the next day. Then as a clock struck three, she at last fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Next day the battle surged with her anew. She had betrayed a man's trust, sacrificed her honor. What did a mere promise mean in comparison with these facts? He had trusted her, and she would cause his death. The governor had spied on her. At last she could stand it no longer, and after sending a message to Von Mettre that she was sick and unable to see him, she dressed and hurried

down the rear stairs to her carriage. She must save him.

Yes, the governor was in, he would see her at once, Montignac told her grinning insolently.

"Ah, my pretty one, at last I have you alone," he began at the same time attempting to take her in his arms.

"Oh!" she screamed and struck him across the face; but he only held her closer.

"Montignac," shouted the voice of the Baron, from the door. "How dare you? Begone you dog, at once," he commanded, striking the man a heavy blow." Now, Mademoiselle, what can I do for you?"

"I came to tell you that the message I sent you is worthless now," she gasped out.

"Oh! no it isn't," he answered.

"But it soon will be," cried a voice from the door. And there stood Von Mettre!

"Oh!" moaned the girl piteously, as she sank into a chair.

"Who are you?" demanded the Baron.

"I am Horace von Mettre, confidant of the German general, and your son."

"Ah! ah! so at last I see you, but it will not be for long," chuckled the Baron drawing nearer the table.

"One step more and you're dead, de Varion," warned von Mettre, leveling a revolver at the Baron's head.

"Shoot, Monsieur, my attendant will come and then——." That he held the higher card the Baron was well aware. Suddenly he heard a step behind him and wheeled. There stood Montignac, no longer a slave to the other man's will, but an enemy seeking revenge. In his hand was a revolver.

"Now, de Varion, you called me a dog. You promised me the hand of Mademoiselle; you lied." He shot. At the same time de Varion drew and pulled his trigger. Both fell simultaneously. Von Mettre spang to the girl's side and hurried her out to the waiting carriage, where she sat helplessly.

"My darling," he whispered gathering her close, "you were true."

—SARAH RADCLIFFE, '17.

The Spring Woods

AS far as I can tell, no one has been able, as yet, to describe the witchery of the woods in Spring. But the fact remains that there is such a thing. Just go into any wood during the month of April and see for yourself. Perhaps, it may seem a little damp and dark at first to unaccustomed eyes, but before you know it, you are scrambling around over the rocks looking for ferns. The tiny pink arbutus trailing upon the ground gives you the first feeling of joy, and by the time you have found Jack-in-the-pulpits and lady slippers, you are completely enchanted. Three lazy lizzards basking in the sun and blinking their funny little eyes scurry away at your approach. And on every side the songs of many birds can be heard, and the blended fragrance of flowers and new earth floats to you. The bright sunbeams finding their way through the fresh new leaves dance along until they glance back into your eyes from the little stream on whose bank you are standing. The murmur of this brook now swollen by the spring rains seems to call you on. And you follow along its twisting bank, every minute some new joy. Here you see a diminutive red squirrel on an old log chattering away to his mate, who is hidden up in a nearby tree, and there you see a clump of white and pink azalia beckoning to you to come and gather it. But you follow your little guide the brook, until it turns traitor and leads you from the joy of the woods out into the open again.

FRANCES TUCKER BRYAN, '18.

We laugh at teachers' jokes,
No matter what they be,
Not because they're funny,
But because it's policy.

Sir Roger's Visit to Petersburg High School

AT all times a person should make himself as agreeable as possible, and especially when visiting strangers, because they are unaccustomed to that person's habits and eccentricities and usually judge him by the impressions made upon them. In this respect, Sir Roger is in the zenith of his talents, as he is one of the most agreeable and entertaining people that have ever come under my observation. One incident in particular I will relate, to show how favorable an impression he made upon the pupils of the Petersburg High School, total stangers to him, as he had never seen them before, nor has he ever since.

On account of some delicate transactions in mining stock, in which Sir Roger was deeply concerned, he was forced to cross over to New York and personally interview his Wall Street broker. I was cordially invited to accompany him, but was unfortunately detained here in London. Therefore I was not on hand to witness personally the reception of Sir Roger at the High School, but I received an account of it later verbatim from Sir Roger himself. We were walking in his garden one evening when I received the following account of his experiences there.

"After completing the transactions successfully," went on Sir Roger, "I decided to visit different cities of the United States to satisfy my curiosity as to what I had heard and to broaden my knowledge, as it was my first trip to America. Accordingly, I stopped at Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, and hosts of other cities, but was most pleased with Petersburg, which, by its quaintness, reminded me more than any of the others of our English towns.

"Arriving there one afternoon, I arranged for my board and lodging at a hotel, and then proceeded to survey the

town. All the various places of interest were visited, and at last I decided to pay a call at the High School. As I ascended the steep incline to the front entrance, I noticed several scores painted on the walks and elsewhere—presumably cricket scores, as we used to do likewise when I was at Eton in my younger days. The building itself was a ramshackled affair and looked as if it were on the verge of collapse. But I will pass over the unkept condition of the exterior and interior and go on to my reception by the students of that institution.

"Just as I arrived, I met an officer of the school—the Superintendent, I believe—who informed me that the morning assembly was then in progress, and he would be delighted and so would the pupils, if I would care to give them a talk. I acquiesced and proceeded to follow him up three flights of rickety steps to the assembly hall, where the students were packed like sardines in a can. Although noting all these signs of lack of improvement, I wisely refrained from discoursing upon them, as I realized that remarks of that kind were not suitable to the occasion. So I rambled on about the harmlessness of painting the cricket scores on all conspicuous and available place around the school and gave some humorous incidents of my courses at Eton and Oxford. Evidently I had struck the right chord in the students composition, so I enlarged upon my theme and broadened it out. I showed that petty mischief was harmless, but that, if overdone, it would lead to disgrace and ruin. My speech was not dry and uninteresting as those of professional reformers are, but was full of 'pep,' as they say over there, and quite entertaining.

"When I concluded my remarks, the pupils unanimously clapped and applauded me until I thought I could feel the building begin to totter and fall. This tends to show, as I have often told you, that when a person is among strangers, he must not talk of disagreeable things or keep aloof from the company, but must discourse on interesting and appropriate topics that are familiar to both the speaker and the audience." MONTGOMERY C. JACKSON, JR., '17.

From a Red Cross Nurse

Ypres, France, May 2, 1916.

To the Editor of The Third Year Weekly News:

Wishing to give you a true conception of the state of affairs now going on, I write you the following.

It was almost night, but the roar of the cannon, the shouting of the officers, and the groans of the dying could all be heard, as they are heard every minute, nay, every second, throughout the whole day. I was sitting on a little camp-stool in one of the hospital camps, and was about to read a letter addressed to one of my patients, when a great thud, as if someone had fallen, drew my attention to the tent entrance; and there lay a young, dying soldier. I went to him immediately, and with hard drawn words he told me that his officer was wounded, and was in need of my attention. He put his hand to his breast, indicating that something was there for me to get, and the next instant his glassy-fixed eyes were closed forever. War nurses should be accustomed to such scenes, but the youth of the boy and his awful death filled my heart with grief and my eyes with tears. I opened his coat, and from his pocket near his breast I took out two papers. One was a crumpled bit of paper, and had these words, "Come to me at once.—Captain Le Grand," written in blood. The other was a sealed envelope, addressed to the commanding general.

I immediately went to officer Le Grand, who was lying in a trench half dead. I got two men to take him to my tent, and after I had given him a stimulant, he told me, in a weak voice, that the sealed document was to be taken to the general. He then fell into an unconscious state. But how was I to send the document to the general? Every man was needed in the trenches. The only thing to do was to go alone. I left my patients in charge of another nurse, mounted a horse, and flew like wind towards the general's

headquarters. The full moon was shining softly and I resolved not to stop at anyone's "Halt!"

When I came to a turn in the road on which I was riding, I heard a "Halt," but gently pulling the reins, I made my horse go so fast that we reached the general's headquarters unharmed, save for a small scratch on my arm, due to the shot the enemy's guard fired at me when I passed him. I gave the document to the general, and then fell senseless to the ground. When I awoke, I learned that I had helped to save the day, because the document was a call for re-inforcements.

I will close now, assuring you of further reports later.

Yours truly,

—VERA L. BLANK, '18.

Teacher: What is a hug?
Student: Energy gone to waist.

* * *

Notice:—If you are desirous of knowing how fish are biting this Spring, ask Jno. T. Pace or Curtis Lyons.

* * *

Teacher: What is sulphur used for?
Pupil: To galvanize rubber.

* * *

Biology Teacher: Diseases are sometimes spread by kissing.
Boys: Say, girls, let's try that experiment.

* * *

Petersburg Tailor (after November 1st): And the hip pockets, sir, what size shall I make them—pints or quarts?

Poems

Inconsistency

It always is the way with me,
That when I study more,
Those old reports come in and show
I've made less than before.

I study up on history,
And strive to make the mark;
When test day rolls around, I find
My mind is in the dark.

Then on the other hand, when I
Neglect my lessons most,
Those teachers all, 'tis strange to say,
My marks up higher post.

Instead of reading Caesar's Wars,
I play ball at recess;
And all in good time, on that day
I'm lacking none the less.

So if you please, take this from me,
And never it forget;
Just con your books and study if
Low marks you wish to get.

—ANNA P. HOBSON, '18.

Little Miss Bridget

Miss Bridget is an Irish lass,
An Irish lass is she,
And very full of Irish sass
She always is to me.

She is a little milk maid,
And one milk cart has she;
And also eggs just freshly laid
She brings to sell to me.

—ELIZABETH BADGER, '18.

A Mule's Lament

Whenever nations go to war,
  At once they think of me;
They send their buyers from afar,
  And take me o'er the sea.

They make me pull their wagon loads
  Of murderous shot and shell;
And if I balk a soldier goads
  Me in the flank like—Oh, well !

What do I can for England or
  For France or Germany?
And what should I be fighting for
  When I've no sympathy?

I'm kicking to get home again,
  On old Missouri soil,
Where I can live at peace with men,
  And feed well for my toil.

If you paddled over a dam safely, you'd naturally say, "I got over that dam easy."

* * *

Whose Notes Have You?

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
  That we must try to do our best,
And departing leave behind us
  Note books that will help the rest.

* * *

Conjugating.

Kiddo—Kiddere—Kissimi—Kissus.

Bull-fighting in Mexico

IF popularity is to be judged by the amount of patronage, then the bull-fight is the most popular amusement in Mexico today. Nothing so fills the heart of a Mexican with joy as a Sunday bull-fight. As an amusement, the bull-fight is the exclusive property of the Spaniard; it originated in Spain and has never spread beyond the limits of Spanish conquest. The killing of bulls is a science and there are many different schools which have been founded by great masters. A renowned "Matador" receives as much attention as the champion prize fighter in English speaking countries today.

The bull-fight is a tragedy in three acts. The first scene is an exciting one and there is a tension of the nerves in anticipation of what is to come. The band plays and if there is any delay, thousands of impatient spectators will shout and yell themselves hoarse. The president for the occasion and his companions take their seats, and the gates are then thrown open. A gaily dressed horseman appears and asks permission to kill the bull. This being granted, the president tosses him the key to the bull-pen. The gate opens again and a gay company of bull-fighters, arrayed in costumes of red, yellow, green, and blue silks, appear. The door through which the bull enters is unlocked, and with a flourish of trumpets the fight begins. The bull, furious with rage and trembling in every limb, rushes out of a dark stall into the dazzling light. As he enters, his shoulder is pierced by a barbed steel hook, which so enrages him that he paws the earth, tosses the dust over his back, and bellows his defiance. Around him in the ring are men with red capes, called capadores, and men on horse back armed with lances. These sit motionless as statues upon their steeds that are blind-folded ready for the sacrifice. After a moment of uncertainty, the bull dashes either at a capador or a picador. The picador leaps nimbly over the enclosure, leaving the bull more furious

than ever. The horse next attracts his attention and there is no way of escape for the poor old broken down servant of man. Then the capadors toss their red capes in his face and they too escape, and the first scene ends in the death of the horse that usually drops dead from the first blow of the bull.

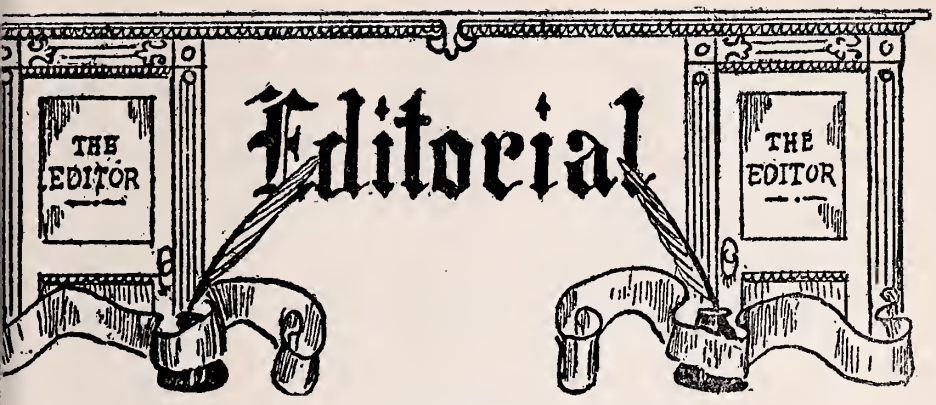
In the second scene the men come into the ring without any means of defense. This is the most interesting act in the performance, for but little blood is spilt and they depend entirely upon their agility for safety. These take with them barbed darts about two feet long, covered with fancy ribbon streamers. They shake these at the bull, thus provoking an attack. Then, just as one seems to be on the bull's horns, he plants the darts in the neck of the bull and steps lightly aside. These darts again enrage the bull, who has been getting tired of the whole affair. He attacks whatever comes in his way; it may be a dead horse, which he will then tear open. While the bull is thus engaged, darts filled with powder are then used; these explode in the flesh of the bull and cause him to dance and skip about in his agony.

In the last act the trumpet sounds. Then comes the death. Everything has been done in anticipation of this act. The first two have been to madden the bull and tire him out by violent exercises and loss of blood. But the bull, though nearly worn out, makes a last mad rush at the matador, who plunges his keen blade into the bull's shoulder, up to the hilt; the bull staggers and dies. The bull and dead horses are dragged out, and the fight begins again in regular order, until the usual number of six or eight bulls have been killed.

—DALLAS WARREN, '16.

Teacher: Where is the alimentary canal?
Student: In the northern part of Missouri.

When Cupid aims at anything he Mrs. it.



STAFF

Meyer H. Lavenstein, '16.....Editor-in-Chief

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Florence Robertson, '16.....Alumni Editor
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Russell Young, '18.....Girls' Athletic Editor
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Nelson Partin, '18.....Assistant Business Manager
Richard Gill, '17.....Circulating Manager
Francis Hays, '18.....Assistant Circulating Manager
Willard Kidd, '16.....Joke Editor
Alice Riddick, '16.....Art Editor

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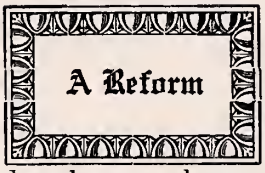
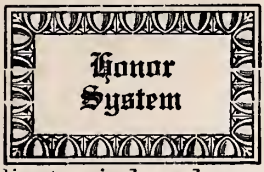
THE SUCCESS OF THE STUDENTS' ORganizations depends not only upon the support and interest of the student body, but of equal importance is the efficiency of its officers and representatives. To the latter source we may attribute the success or failure of every P. H. S. enterprise. The success of the athletic teams is due to the captains and managers; of the literary society and glee clubs to their officers; and of the *Missile* to the staff. Hence, it is imperative that the *best* and

most capable students direct these organizations. We have had enough poor athletic teams, literary society meetings, and even *Missile* numbers to establish this fact. If we were asked the cause of the baseball team's victorious season, we should say that for the first time in years the best men of the school played on the team. It has been, indeed, a new occurrence to see P. H. S. represented by the most capable students in literary or athletic fields. The best players are not always on the team, and the best writers or speakers do not usually hold offices; *popularity* is the thing that counts. And not until the student body realizes that efficiency is more important than popularity can school spirit achieve tangible results and P. H. S. attain its proper position.



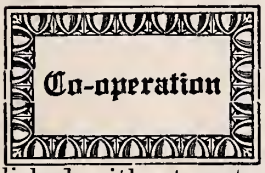
THE EXISTENCE OF SEVERAL STUDENT organizations in the school—six, to be exact—operating under different management, has been of more than little financial burden to the students. Seldom has any been self-supporting. Due to their uncentralized and unsystematic working, many unwise and unnecessary appropriations have been made. Individually and collectively they have been something of an economic strain upon the pupils at large. The *Missile*, therefore, takes this opportunity to present a plan which we believe to be more economical and expedient. That is, that the finances of these organizations—literary societies, athletic associations, glee and dramatic clubs, and magazine—be managed by one board, composed of representatives from the student body and faculty. A very beneficial step towards this reform was the union of the boys' and girls' athletic clubs at the beginning of the year. Such a system must prove essentially stronger than the existing one primarily because it is centralized and responsible. It tends to create a spirit of unity and co-operation. It is based upon the principle that we are all for one and one for all. We sincerely hope that the next term will see to its success.



THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES ALL over the country are more and more coming to appreciate the importance of the Honor System. It matters little that a boy or girl may have a brilliant mind and may have made a wonderful record as a student, in short be seemingly exemplary in every respect; yet let him or her so much as break the rule of the Honor System by a jot or tittle, and his or her college career is at an end.

And what is this Honor System anyway? It was founded some several hundred years ago by William Penn, and is a government of the Student Body by the Student Body for the best interests of the Student Body. With us here in the High School it is a new thing having been made a reality only this year, but we appeal now to every boy and girl in the school to respond to the precepts embodied in the System and to help us make it a success.

Remember this reflects the standing of the school in the community, and every boy or girl who violates its provisions lowers the standard. Examinations are near at hand; let us one and all be on our Honor!



A FEATURE LACKING IN OUR SCHOOL is the co-operation of the pupils, the teachers, and the alumni with the staff in making our magazine a success. A magazine cannot be published without material, and when all material from which we are to get the product is handed in, there is a mere handful. When the *Missile* comes out, you will hear a number of pupils discussing the poor issue! Is there anything of *yours* in it? Did *you* help to make it a success? Please don't knock it then.

All along we have lacked the co-operation of the teachers. One may ask how the teachers can help. By urging the

pupils in their rooms to contribute material, by subscribing for the *Missile*, and by getting outside subscriptions for it they can give us their aid. The English teachers in particular can help by contributing composition work.

Lastly, there are the alumni, most of whom take no interest whatever in our magazine. At present we have *six* alumni subscribers. Where are all of the graduates of P. H. S.? Have they lost all interest in the school? It is indeed a rare occurrence to see a graduate at one of our athletic games or literary meetings,—and the spirit which they are manifesting is poor, to say the least. Let the '16 graduates set a better example!

* * * * * * * * * *

With this, the last issue of the *Missile* of the term 1915-1916, the editors wish to extend their thanks to Mr. H. A. Miller, who has been of inestimable aid as faculty advisor. It is due largely to this co-operation that we have made the magazine a success during the past term.

A woman entered a photograph gallery. "Do you take pictures of children?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How much are they, please?"

"Three dollars a dozen," said the prop.

"Well," she replied, with a sigh, "I shall have to come again; I have only eleven."

CAST OF "MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Top row, left to right—Marvin Ezzell, Duncan Pleasants
Middle row—Arthur Wood, Norvell Wicker, Duckett Jones, Willis Lipscomb, Wallace Ridout, J. E. L. Meakin
Sitting—Sarah Seward, Edward Traylor, Jane Cabaniss

School Notes

To further the popular interest in the Shakespearean tercentenary the P. H. S. Dramatic Club on May 11th and 12th (at the D. M. Brown School), presented to three capacity audiences, *The Merchant of Venice*. Under the able direction of Mr. H. A. Miller and Miss J. B. Buhrman, it must rank among the best and most successful plays P. H. S. has ever given. The enthusiastic reception which greeted this first and elaborate production of the Dramatic Club reflects credit and praise upon the participants and the school as well. The admirable interpretation of Shakespeare's immortal characters and brilliant settings and costumes placed once more before our eyes the splendor and glamour of Venetian life. It is more than difficult to single out individual "stars," but special mention must be made of the excellent interpretations of the characters of Shylock, Nerissa, Portia, and Gratiano. We shall look with pleasure and expectation to the next production of the Dramatic Club. The cast was as follows:

The Duke of Venice.....Edward Traylor, '16.
Antonio, a Merchant of Venice.....Marvin Ezzell, '16
Bassanio, his friend and suitor to Portio—.Arthur Wood, '18
Salanio .....Norvell Wicker, '17
Salarino .....Willis Lipscomb, '19

Gratiano .....Duncan Pleasants, '18
Salerio .....Duckett Jones, '16
(Friends to Antonio and Bessanio.)
Shylock, a rich Jew.....J. E. Lawler-Meakin, '16
Balthasar, servant to Portia } Wallace Ridout, '16
Clerk of Court }
Portia, a rich heiress.....Sarah Seward, '16
Nerissa, her maid .....Jane Cabaniss, '18

* * *

On behalf of the student body we wish to thank the Petersburg Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for their kindness in renewing our subscription to the *Literary Digest;* and Miss Virginia McKenney, the School Board, and the February Class for the valuable contributions which they have made to the library.

* * *

The manual training department is to be congratulated upon its splendid work in constructing the library desk for the literary societies which has been placed in the assembly. It represents careful and artistic workmanship.

* * *

The play—"The Hoodoo"—given by the June Class of 1916, was much enjoyed by the large audience which witnessed it at the class night exercises on May 26th. This farce, in three acts, was among the most popular class plays ever given. To the direction of Miss Beard is due its skillful presentation. The cabaret act, and other class numbers and exercises were uniformly excellent. The following is the cast.

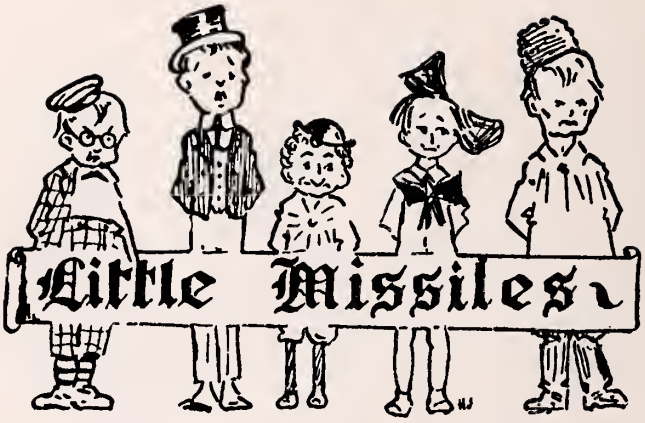
Brighton Early—about to be married...Meyer H. Lavenstein
Amy Lee—the bride to be.....Florence Robertson
Dodo de Graft—the dazzling daisy.....Sarah Seward
Billy Jackson—the heart-breaker.....Marion Ezzell
Miss Doris Ruffles—Amy's maid of honor....Mary Crichton
Mrs. Ima Clinger—a fascinating young widow,
Helen Arrington

Angelina—her angel child.....Pauline Bowman
Gwendolyn Perrington-Shine—who does just as mama says,
Annie Arrington
Mrs. Perrington-Shine—her aunt—Mr. Meek's daughter,
Evelyn Butcher
Mr. Meek—a lively gentleman of sixty-nine....Duckett Jones
Mr. Dunn—the burglar..... Nelson Anderson
Miss Longnecker—Amy's school teacher.....Azilee Wood
Professor Solomon Spiggot, an authority on Egypt.
J. E. Lawler-Meakin
Hemachus Spiggot—his son.....W. B. Turner
Mrs. Solomon Spiggot—mother of seven.....Lillie Smith
Lulu—by name and nature.....Alice Riddick
Aunt Paradise—the cook lady.....Elva Marks

On May 24th we had another opportunity of enjoying a selection of Shakespeare's plays, produced by the well known Ben Greet Players. The services of this company were secured through the auspices of the R. E. Lee and Anderson High Schools, and the City Council was very generous in allowing them the use of Central Park.

During the past month we enjoyed a very interesting and instructive lecture by Dr. Chas. Ruskin, nephew to John Ruskin, the celebrated Art Critic and Essayist. Dr. Ruskin made us acquainted with the habits and customs of the Eskimo with whom he has been for the past two years in the Arctic regions.

We sincerely regret the resignation of Mr. Hainey Seay who has left us for a more lucrative position. We were very fortunate in having the vacancy filled by Mr. W. S. Hough, graduate of Randolph-Macon College, and former principal of the school in Reedsville, Va. We take this opportunity to extend to him a hearty welcome.



Spring Fiction You Should Read.

"Seven Come Eleven" (In collaboration) by W. Burge, W. Kidd, R. Smith and J. Herzog.

"Swift Creek," by A. Short and J. Mann.

"A String of Beans," by the members of the Kis Popy Club.

"A Little Ford Shall Lead Them."—M. Wilson.

"Mama's Little Man."—W. Seward.

* * *

Notice:—We wish to call your attention to the happy, remorseful, mirthful, profound and anxious countenances of the Seniors in the class picture.

* * *

If J. E. L. Meakin hired a boat, would Katherine Rowe?

* * *

Students' Directory.

DuckettJones—The Ladies' Man.

James Meakin—Assistant Janitor and General Manager.

Sarah Seward—Powder and Perfume Artist.

Sally Brunet—Gossiper-in-chief.

Spooner Dunn—1st Asst. Gossiper-in-chief.

Pauline Bowman—2nd Asst. Gossiper-in-chief.

Florence Robertson—Matrimonial Advisor.

Braxton Woody and George Gowdy—Defenders of Padded Cells.

Webb and Heath—Victims of Chaplinitis.

Mr. Miller (reading): The bullowing of the bell was distinctly heard. (The bellowing of the bull, etc.)

* * *

(Nearly) Lost: A pound of Antonio's flesh.

* * *

Mr. Brown: I done done it.

Mr. Miller: You're flunked.

* * *

Wanted: To know why Mr. Goodwin, of II B, is always looking at Miss Young.

* * *

Lady (to clerk in music store): Have you "Kissed Me in the Moonlight."

Clerk: No; it must have been the man at the other counter. I've been here only a week.

* * *

Mr. Slagle (in I A History): Why is it they had the Funeral Oration of Pericles before he died?

* * *

Miss R., (in History): Give a sketch of Elizabeth.

Mr. J.: Elizabeth was the son of Anne Bolyn and Henry VIII.

* * *

The seventh grade got "Seay-sick" and then they got "Huffy."

* * *

Mr. Burge wants to know how a city of one inhabitant can send two members to Parliament.

* * *

Mr. Scott (in II B Algebra, speaking to Miss S.): Oh my dear (after a pause)—life!

* * *

Miss E. (in II B English): Gareth's father was Lot, queen of Orkney.

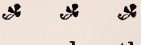
* * *

Wanted.—To know if Ayer is essential for Miss Anne Greenwood.

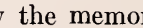
Mr. Seay (in II B Biology): Mr. Mann, what might be the effect if you wash your food down with water?

Mr. Mann: You might not stop eating when you have enough.

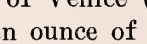
The IV A's regret very much that Miss Helen Townes had to stop school.



Did you notice how popular the members of the senior class are when class night tickets are to be distributed.



All desiring to know the memorable occurrence of June 18, 1891, may inquire from Mr. Irving Bowman, Room No. 8.



Merchant of Venice (Revised.)

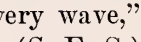
Shylock is to take an ounce of Antonio's brain.

Shylock: Come, prepare.

Portia: Tarry a moment, suppose Antonio has no brain!

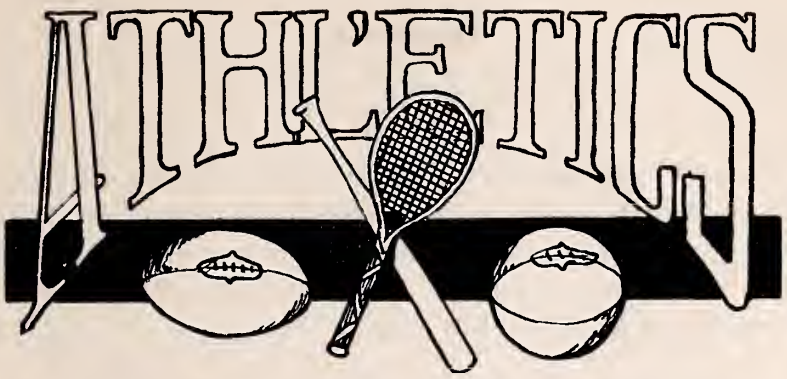
I love my Mary Pickford, but Oh you Jane Cabaniss!

Wanted to know when Gratiano learned to make love so gracefully.



Any one wishing to be informed regarding an "Ocean of love with a kiss on every wave," may call upon Dodo de Graft, the dazzling daisy (S. E. S.) Address will be gladly furnished by Brighton Early (M. H. L.) Provided, to-wit: That this information does not reach the latter's fiancee, Amy Lee (F. B. R.)

The IV B Class seems to be a regular Duke's Mixture. It contains a Moorman, a Duck (ett), a Traylor, a Kidd ,a Butcher, a Lane, "Big" Marks, "Little" Hanks, and a Bowman.



The High School baseball team has indeed been a very agreeable surprise for everyone. Although the team has not won all their games, it has won the majority of games and this is doing splendidly when we think of our last year's team and some of the other teams we have been putting up in the athletic line. The prospects of good athletics are better and brighter than they have been for three or four years.

We extend our congratulations to the following, who constitute this year's baseball letter men: Williams, Nugent, Chandler, Hall, Mann, Coleman, Tench, Reagan, Partin, Jordan, Rahily, Jones.

P. H. S., 5—J. M. H. S., 13.

On Monday, May 1st, the John Marshall High School team defeated our ball team by a 13 to 5 score. The game was very interesting, and had it not been for a bad eighth inning, when John Marshall scored eight runs, there would probably have been a different tale to tell.

	R.	H.	E.
Petersburg High	5	11	5
John Marshall	13	12	4

Batteries: For Petersburg—Chandler, Nugent and Williams; for John Marshall—Dabney, Pettway and Stumpf.

P. H. S., 12—G. C. H. S., 6.

On Friday, May 5th, Petersburg High School defeated the Greensville County High School by the score of 12 to 6. The game was featured by the heavy hitting of Petersburg and the pitching of Nugent. Partin, Williams, Hall, Jordan and Nugent all hit the ball hard.

	R.	H.	E.
Petersburg	12	14	4
Emporia	6	6	6

Batteries: For Petersburg, Nugent and Williams; For Emporia—Gregory and Daughtery.

P. H. S., 2—C. A. H. S., 5.

Although we were defeated on May 11th by Chester Agricultural High School, the game was very close up to the last stages, and the outcome was doubtful. Chester pulled together and scored three runs in the ninth, which killed our chances.

	R.	H.	E.
Petersburg	2	8	5
Chester	5	10	0

Batteries: For Petersburg—Nugent and Jordan; For Chester—Bowles and Goodwyn.

P. H. S., 3—W. H. S., 2.

In a very interesting game, the Petersburg High School baseball team defeated Waverly High School on the afternoon of May 15th, in an eleven inning contest, by a 3 to 2 score. It was a thrilling pitchers' battle, each team getting only six hits. Chandler and Mann led in hitting with a couple apiece to their credit. The fielding was rather ragged, but otherwise the game was a very good one.

	R.	H.	E.
Petersburg	3	6	4
Waverly	2	6	6

Batteries: For Petersburg—Nugent and Jordan; For Waverly—Harris and Harrison.

As a crowning climax to our spring athletics season came the splendid success of our track team at Williamsburg on May 20th. The team, composed of Rees, Burge, Heath, Rahily and Chandler, under Coach Thompson and Physical Director Helm, of the Y. M. C. A., finished a good third at the interscholastic track meet, John Marshall being first, and Lafayette second. Of the eighteen points scored, Rees made eight, winning the 100 yard dash, and each of the other members made at least two points. This is indeed the best record that the track team has ever made, and they deserve the hearty congratulations of the school.

All of the IV B girls are "just crazy" to know the brand of paint Miss Smith uses.

Miss Wood (IV B), has at last changed her mind. She used to love "cats" but now its "boys." From sublime to ridiculous.

Miss Moorman (IV-B): Mr. Ridout, what are you going to wear in the play?

Mr. Ridout: I don't expect to wear anything.

Grandmother: Do you have old fashion barn dances any more, dear?

Grandson: No'am; we call 'em garage blowouts now.

Miss Irma James, a graduate of the February Class, has been recently doing substitute work at the Duncan Brown and R. E. Lee Grammar Schools.

Mr. Charlie Camp, '14, is working at du Pont Powder Plant, Hopewell, Va. Mr. Camp attended Washington and Lee University last year.

One of the sponsors at the Confederate Reunion, held in Birmingham, was Miss Louise Hines, '14.

Mr. Charles Stribling, '13, holds the Greek scholarship at Washington and Lee University.

Miss Irene Avent, '14, who attended the State Normal School at Farmville, has been teaching very successfully the past year at Gills Mill, one of the three nine months schools in Chesterfield county.

Miss Ruth Allgood, '14, was married April 18th to Mr. H. R. Wynne of Drewryville, Virginia

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US.

The article on the "Progress of the Public School System in Petersburg" in the *Missile*, is well written, and worthy of commendation. Your Mirth Department is also good.—*The Monthly Chronicle*, *Episcopal H. S.*, Alexandria, Va.

The *Missile* has some splendid material, especially "Reunited." Your Exchange and Humorous Departments are well developed.—*Lemon and Black*, Randolph-Macon Academy, Bedford, Va.

Your cover design is very attractive. You have a very large Exchange Department, but why not have a better grade of paper?—*The Bugle*, The Monroe H. S., Monroe, Mich.

Your department called "Little Missiles" is very clever.—*Retina*, Waite H. S., Toledo, Ohio.

You have a complete magazine. The editorials are good; the Exchange Department unusually large. Would not a few more stories improve your paper? Your cuts are original and artistic.—*The Echo*, Lexington H. S., Lexington, Va.

"The Burglar's Chance" is a good story, but is not the title a little commonplace? Why not have a few more stories, although we like your idea of having one or two good articles. —*Maroon and White*, Alexandria H. S.

As We See Others.

The Virginia, Maury High School, Norfolk, Va.—The material in your magazine is very good, but don't you think it would be better to have the advertisements all together in the back, and the editorials in the front of your book?

The Bumble Bee, Charlottesville High School, Charlottesville, Va.—Your magazine is indeed a credit to your school. The arrangement of the material is very good.

The Reporter, Danville H. S., Danville, Va.—Couldn't a high school as large as yours, afford to have a better and more attractive school paper?

The Echo, Lexington High School, Lexington, Va.—You have a good Literary Department, and your magazine is very good as a whole.

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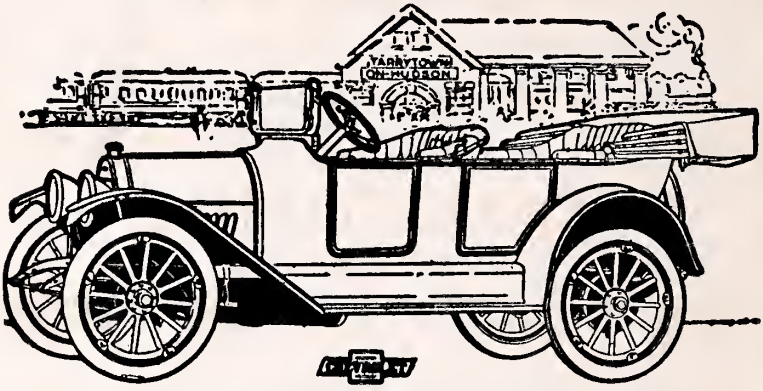
AGENTS



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